

Chance Shot in Poker.

An Old Time Bout in Which an Innocent Suffered.

(New York Sun.)

THE crops had been harvested and shipped to the market from the whole of the St. Francis valley, and payment therefor had been duly made, at rates somewhat in advance of what had been expected. This stroke of good fortune, coupled with the fact that nature had been kind, so that the crops exceeded in quantity and value for several years, had brought about a season of unusual prosperity throughout the entire Sunken Lands of Arkansas.

Naturally, the cotton factors in New Orleans and elsewhere had reaped the greatest advantage of all concerned, but even after the uttermost exactions of their mortgages had been met, they still remained a considerable balance to the credit of the owners of the soil, so that there was real money in circulation among them in greater amount than they had been accustomed to for a long time.

It was also true that there was no very good prospect of this money remaining in possession of the St. Francis people for long. Their immediate necessities were provided for, and all their pressing obligations had been met, so that they might have used the cash in hand, had they been so minded, to pay the expenses of the coming year, and by so doing, they could have retained an ownership in the next crops to come, without being obliged to mortgage them before seed time. That, however, was not the St. Francis way.

So it comes about that various gentlemen of miscellaneous proclivities have the habit of traveling through the St. Francis valley soon after harvest time.

Such a one was John Brannigan, who arrived at the village of Baxters one Friday evening, astride of a large black horse, and with him was a young western was soon installed as a guest of the house.

Brannigan was a powerfully built, well-dressed man, a game going on later in the evening in his back room and there wasn't any particular objection to a stranger taking a hand in the game, if he felt inclined and had the money to buy chips.

As a sequence to all this it occurred, toward 8 o'clock that Mr. Brannigan was seated at a round table in the back room mentioned, in company with four other players. Judge Harmon, the oldest in the party, was a grizzled veteran who owned property and no longer sat in court. Jack Gannon, the second man, was a planter, who had not yet married, whose presence at home after he had sold his crops was only explained by the fact that he was a gambler with a while before and was not yet able to travel to New Orleans for the winter. The stockbroker, a man named Cater, and the landowner, a man named Baxters, called "Jim," were the other two players. Three or four other men were in the room.

"We play table stakes," said the judge, "sometimes for more and sometimes for less, but I feel like I'd enjoy a good game tonight. Suppose we start with a hundred apiece."

Everybody agreed, and the landowner, as banker, counted out the chips accordingly, whites \$1, reds \$5 and blues \$20 apiece. Brannigan was fully aware that he was being scrutinized closely, but he was used to that, and seemed not in the least disturbed by it. He invited all hands to drink with him before beginning to play, and the level of acceptance as a matter of course, but it did not escape general notice that he drank very sparingly himself, though he swallowed his whiskey as if he were well accustomed to its use.

For perhaps half an hour the game went on without any incident of special note. The play was high from the first, the game being two calls five, and jackpots following the buck, with an extra one whenever three or better were shown. The luck varied, however, so that no one was a specially heavy loser or winner. Several of the players had bought again, some two or three times, so that there was nearly \$1,000 on the table, but it was well distributed. Brannigan had played as fairly, so far as any of the others could see, as any one could play. If he had in mind to attempt any kind of a trick, he was wary enough to go about it slowly, and he knew as well as the others did that they were still watching him. Neither did he need to be informed that when on his deal, any particularly strong hand fell to one of the other players, he backed it with extra caution.

At length there came an opening for a strenuous contest among three players. It was a jackpot that had been sweetened three, so that there was \$40 in it, when the judge dealt. The landowner opened it, and Gannon, sitting next, raised it forty. Cater dropped out, and Brannigan made it forty more. The judge dropped out, and the landowner dealt a white, or pretended to, and then made good.

Gannon thereupon made it a hundred.

SAM PATCH.

Body of the Famous Jumper Lies in an Unmarked Grave.

(Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.)

SAM PATCH.

SUCH IS FAME.

This was the lettering upon a rough pine slab erected in the little cemetery at Charlotte by Steve Marshall, old lake captain, away back in the '20s, after the body of the ill-fated jumper had been taken from the Genesee river and buried in the village cemetery without ceremony of any kind.

This board stood at the head of Patch's grave until the semi-annual celebration in Rochester. The profane hands were laid upon it. The roughly hewn slab was exhibited. After the celebration it was not replaced. It was either lost or seized upon by some relic hunter who cherishes it in secret.

Since Marshall's hand raised that slab no one has ever taken the trouble to mark the grave in any way. Old residents of Charlotte knew of the location by two old stumps that within the last two years these stumps have rotted away. The grave is now unmarked. Wild blackberry bushes are matted over the spot.

The fame of Sam Patch, such as it was, has probably penetrated further than that of any other person who ever made Rochester his abiding place. The exploits of Sam were set upon and embodied in a book of nursery rhymes, which will be remembered by many, although long out of print. The rhyme was mere doggerel. Many will remember Sam's reputed first jump, as described in the book. It was from the chicken house roof at his home, and Sam landed plump on the back of a goose. The mother of Sam was said to have been greatly grieved over the

not fall feet first, but made a half turn. He struck the water with a force of 4,000 pounds, as figured by a local statistician at the time. He did not rise. The crowd waited until dark and then went home. That was the last of Sam Patch in Rochester. The body was subsequently discovered in the river at Charlotte and given burial.

A Tale of Two Mules.

(Chicago Tribune.)

A wealthy Chicago man has a big farm

down near Alton, in which he is greatly interested. It is a place of 20 acres and a big German is actively in charge of it. Among the animals on the place last spring were a pair of brown mules. They were splendid animals, but were getting a bit old.

"You'd better sell that span of mules and get some younger ones," the Chicago man told his farmer. Then he went to Europe.

The farmer took the mules down to the St. Louis market and sold them for \$150. It happened that farm work was slack

just then, so he put off buying a new team until a month later.

Then he went down to St. Louis and asked to be shown a good team of big mules—he would prefer brown.

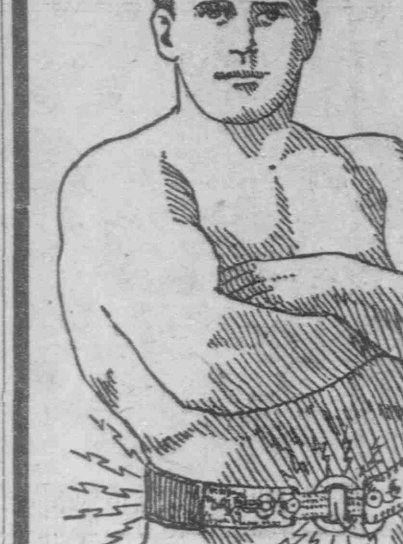
They showed him a strapping team of brown mules that he full of fire and life. The price was \$200. He paid it and took the mules back to the farm near Alton.

When the new purchases were taken to the farm each of them went at once to its old stall.

St. Louis is a deceitful town.

People! Don't Lose Your GRIP!

Don't allow all the fresh young strength to go out of your life.



If you are losing the strength of youth and can see evidence, from day to day, that your physical system is going to decay, you should, in common justice to your future happiness, take steps to check this.

Don't make the mistake of thinking this can't be done; it can and has been done in thousands of cases.

Don't deceive yourself into believing that it is natural for any person to thus exhaust his power.

Nature is appealing to you every moment to save yourself. The slight pains that you feel, the momentary spells of weakness, the periodical loss of memory, dullness of brain, drowsiness—all point to the necessity of curing yourself now. I have a positive cure for you in my

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

This is the treatment that has restored over 50,000 people to the highest standard of manhood and womanhood. It is adapted especially to this trouble and never fails in its grand work.

READ THIS EVIDENCE

My varicocoele is greatly improved since using your Belt. C. C. RIDER, 125 West Second South St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

I do not wear the Belt any more, because I do not need it. My manhood is completely restored. BRUNO GEORG, Berghelm, Tex.

I have been cured of rheumatism by using your Belt. I am 30 years of age. HENRY REYNOLDS, Wanship, Utah.

For twenty years I have studied Electricity as applied for the up-building of manly strength, and my method of treatment, now tried and successful, is the result of my study and experience.

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STRICTURE



W. A. COOK, M. D.

In treating stricture with sounds there will not be even temporary benefit unless the sounds are large enough to break the small tissue fibres. If broken, they must, of course, heal again, and this leaves a tighter stricture than before. The same argument applies to cutting or mechanical abuse of the urethral walls in any other way. Stricture is simply scar tissue from injury or improper treatment, and the forms of procedure just mentioned will not lessen the amount of scar tissue after recovery from such an operation, if, indeed, recovery is ever complete.

Notwithstanding the small area involved in these operations, the popular text books support the fear that death not infrequently follows an operation of this character. If there were no better means of curing a stricture than by an operation, the ultimate consequences of a stricture—the destruction of the sexual function and the reflex nervous troubles—that invariably follow neglected cases, would really justify the risk. PROVIDED A CURE WAS CERTAIN; but I repeat that a permanent cure is the exception when surgical means are relied upon. I am not dogmatic enough on this subject to accept the theory that scar tissue can be removed by stretching instruments. My treatment for stricture consists of a harmless method each night at bedtime by the patient himself, without knife or sounds, and I guarantee to remove without the slightest pain or injury every particle of stricture tissue and put you in a condition as free from the same and its effects as though you were never afflicted with one.

I am doing a straight, legitimate practice, and do not wish to be confused with the element that litter the streets with gaudy cards or quick advertisements in the daily press. I stand on a reputation of over 25 years' exclusive practice in private diseases of men and offer the best banks and business men in the city as references.

Varicocoele

In the cure of varicocoele I use no knife and do not draw a single drop of blood. If you come from a distance there will be no reason why you cannot return on the next train, satisfied from your own standpoint of reasoning that the cure will be complete in one week. It makes no difference how much chicanery, electric belts, or other fake forms of treatment you have encountered in your fruitless efforts to obtain a cure, I will cure you in one week so that you do not have to depend upon the flimsy promises of pretenders for results that never come.

I want to talk or write to every man who is suffering from the above diseases, and who feels that he is not up to the proper standard of health, vitality and manhood. These diseases do not cure themselves, but, on the contrary, will become more aggravated. I will explain how these insidious diseases are a constant menace to your health, and why it is essential to your future welfare that you be cured at once. Good health is the greatest blessing any man can possess; it is necessary to the enjoyment of happiness and success in life. Without it life becomes a miserable existence, devoid of pleasure, a hollow mockery filled with suffering and misery.

Specific Blood Poison

Like leprosy of old, Specific or Contagious Poison in the blood was for ages supposed to be incurable.

This ancient idea is not yet altogether extinct. It still exists in the minds of many old fogey physicians, who continue to salivate their patients with potent mercury and other dangerous mineral mixtures, which, instead of forcing the disease out of their system, drive it deeper in, where it lies dormant for a time and then breaks out again in the form of some frightful skin, blood or bone disease.

I cure Specific Blood Poison with a cured forever. I challenge the medical world for a case in any stage, hereditary or contracted, that I cannot positively cure, never to return, in from 20 to 30 days. My treatment for this disease is endorsed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It is purely vegetable in composition and perfectly harmless in effect. More than 1,000 men, many of whom have tried hot springs and numerous specific remedies in vain, have been completely and forever cured by me during the past year.

Physicians baffled by stubborn cases are cordially invited to consult me by special appointment.

Nervo-Sexual Debility

It is sad to contemplate the unfortunate condition of so many men of our day and generation. At 30 they feel 50; at 40 they feel 60, and at 50 or 60, when they should be in the very prime of life, they are almost ready for the grave. The fire of youth has gone out, the fountain of vitality is exhausted. Premature old age.

No matter what brought it on, the one thing for you to do is to get back the vim, the vigor and the vivacity of youth. Don't lose your grip on life. There are yet many happy years for you if you only get help.

I can and will not only help you, but cure you to stay cured. Curing diseases and weaknesses of the sexual and urinary system has been my exclusive business for the past twenty-five years, during which time I have lifted up enough fallen men to make an army.

My treatment will restore you to what you have lost—your manhood. It stops all unnatural discharges and drains of vigor, and gives perfect and permanent power to the sexual organs. It makes the blood pure and rich, the complexion clear, the eyes bright, the flesh firm, the muscles solid and the nerves strong and steady. It clears up the clouded brain, brightens the intellect and dispels all dependency.

HOME TREATMENT.

I prefer that each patient desiring my cure pay me at least one personal visit, but if you cannot conveniently do this, write me in your own language a plain and full statement of your symptoms.

Many cases can be cured by my original system of correspondence, which is so nearly perfect in its operations that satisfactory results are always assured.

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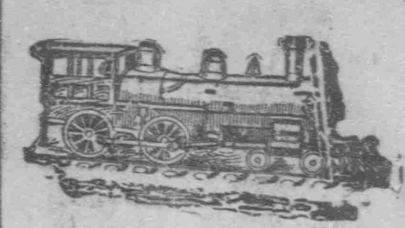
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From Ogden and Intermediate

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From Ogden, Portland, Etna,

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Ogden, Portland, Etna, San

Francisco and Omaha 12:01 p.m.

From Ogden, Portland, Etna,

San Francisco and Omaha 4:05 p.m.

From Ogden, Portland, Etna,

San Francisco and Omaha 5:00 p.m.

From Ogden, Portland, Etna,

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